The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Formosa

WHEN General MacArthur speaks on military matters in his theater of operations, his views command respect. It is confusing, perhaps, to find him striking out on his own, but he has boldly stated what he thinks and his argument can hardly be summarily swept aside.

In his undelivered message to the Veterans of Foreign Wars he has made a powerful case for the actual and potential strategic importance of the island of Formosa. Its central position in an island defense perimeter that could forestall the launching of aggressive moves westward from continental Asia's Pacific ports is one element in the picture; its proximity to Okinawa and the Philippines is another. And, as the General sees it, Formosa, with its actual and potential bases, could, in enemy hands, be an unsinkable aircraft carrier and submarine tender that would dominate all the sea lanes of the far Pacific. On these strategic matters Douglas MacArthur can scarcely be thought of as talking through his cap.

His island perimeter conception of defense for the United States was to be presented to the VFW as the only way to defend America's western shores, and the free peoples of the Pacific, at a minimum of military effort and expense. It therefore appeals both to the taxpayer and to the amateur strategist who shares the majority opinion that the bulk of our military strength must be concentrated in Europe. It is highly persuasive all round.

Likewise, few Americans can speak of the Orient with greater assurance and competence than Douglas MacArthur. When he refers to Oriental respect for forcefulness and decision as opposed to vacillation and appeasement, he undoubtedly is on solid ground. The first doubts creep in when the General alludes to the appreciation which the Asiatics feel for *our* defense of *their* free institutions. Such gratitude is seldom manifest on the part of Asiatic spokesmen now. Somehow, even though his message was to be addressed to American veterans on the problems of our own country, self-determination in Asia is too meaningful a component of the whole picture just now to be ignored.

Then there are the two most troubling factors of all. The General does not refer to Chiang by name, but the implication is that we should defend his friendly rule in Formosa against Communist China. How would that sit with the peoples of Indonesia, the Philippines, India, Malaya and the rest?

And then what about the Chinese Communists themselves? General MacArthur seems to be advocating a policy of taking them on without hesitation, at least so far as Formosa is concerned. Following his ideas, a full-scale war between the United States and Communist China would seem to be inevitable. What then would become of our European commitments and how would the other Asiatics welcome the prospect? These are the big questions raised and left unanswered by the MacArthur message. And surely it is neither defeatist nor appeasing to consider possible steps in the light of our present strength and the reactions of our Asiatic friends and allies.

IF THERE is a viable formula, the United States must avoid the fatal choice between relinquishing the heart of an effective defense perimeter (and a potential springboard for an enemy offensive) and fighting for it at the cost of a full-scale war with Communist China. One way would be to determine to restrict our defense of Formosa to certain naval operations. But even if this were possible, would not the Chinese Communists engage our forces in Korea in retaliation? There would be no stopping full-scale warfare then.

The only other practical solution depends upon the United Nations. If Formosa were given a UN trusteeship status, at least pending the conclusion of the Japanese peace, its defense would

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• NEXT WEEK •

DONALD ATTWATER reports on how the Korean war news is being received in Britain.

"The British are, as far as I can see, taking it quietly. But do not misunderstand this. I have heard no talk of neutrality. If there is a third war they will go into it with determination: but with even less enthusiasm than in 1939. And it is then perhaps that they are at their most dangerous."

no longer imply support of Chiang Kai-shek nor would this action alienate the other Asiatics. Difficult as that would be to achieve even in the Assembly, it would seem to be the only way of safeguarding an island whose importance General MacArthur has signalized so forcefully.

Aggression for Peace

THE trouble with birth control, G. K. Chesterton said once, is that there is no birth and no control. The same sort of comment can be made on the idea of preventive war: it is no preventive and it is war.

When Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Matthews suggested, during his ill-starred Boston speech, a policy that would "win for us a proud and popular title — aggressors for peace," he surely put his foot in his mouth, as far as actual US policy is concerned. The State Department rushed its denials to the press, and a few days later it was reported that a penitent Mr. Matthews got on the phone and apologized to Mr. Truman. But the harm was done. Within a matter of hours Russian propagandists had the Secretary's speech on the wires.

Undoubtedly Mr. Matthews as a highly placed government official was incredibly irresponsible. His stumbling explanations that he spoke only as a private citizen were at best a tribute to his naïveté. But for all the gaucheness and incompetence involved, the Secretary did bring to the headlines a question that has lurked in the nation's conversational corners ever since the cold war warmed up.

Should the US take the military offensive? Should we, as Matthews recommended, reverse the traditional attitude of a democracy and begin a war "to compel cooperation for peace"?

The question is not without meaning. There is a sense in which what Secretary Matthews called "aggression for peace" is in reality defensive action. We are not obliged to wait for another Pearl Harbor, like helpless robots. If we were absolutely sure that Russian attack was inevitable no matter what we said or did, if we were absolutely sure that no amount of diplomacy could prevent the atom-bombing, say, of New York or Washington, if we were thoroughly convinced that we had left no stone unturned, it would be foolhardy to sit and wait for it to come before making a decisive move.

The trouble is we are not absolutely sure. The

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major aim of US policy up to now has been to prevent World War III. That has been our great strength and, in some cases, our weakness. It is the one incontrovertible fact behind everything we have said and done. It is the strong point of our propaganda and also the thing largely responsible for our unfortunate waverings, uncertainties and much of our bungling. Avoiding World War III has been the prize above all others that we hoped to win from the cold war. It has been the goal, the great political objective, the thing all the shouting has been about.

The aggressive policy suggested by Mr. Matthews would be a sad reversal. It would mean that we were ready to admit that everything we worked for since 1946 has come to nothing. It would clearly mean the Third World War, which so far most of us are unwilling to say is absolutely inevitable. It would not mean any kind of "cooperation for peace." It would be the beginning of the end.

Serious but Critical

IN MANY ways *The New Leader* is a remarkable magazine. Here at THE COMMONWEAL we have long admired the superb way its issues prove, in season and out, that it is "dedicated without reserve to the enlightenment, not the manipulation of public opinion." We would largely agree with the current statement by the writers of the magazine, several of whom from time to time contribute to our own pages, that *The New Leader* gives witness to the fact that "we are in a period of cyclonic change, and truth-telling is more, not less important; moral and political integrity is more, not less important. Too many liberals are mixing their zeal for social reform with a contempt for those elementary principles of social conduct which have made social life possible."

So it was with some pain that we read in a recent issue that the editors of *The New Leader* "emphatically disagree" that the writings of Paul Blanshard "misrepresent" and "slander" Catholics. Mr. Blanshard's distortions of Catholic doctrine, sneering misrepresentations of religious practices and spurious "documentation" are accepted as merely a "serious but critical" treatment of Catholicism. Catholic resentment of the Blanshard brand of bigotry is airily dismissed with: "the right to be critical of any group, we submit, is an inalienable one in any democracy." Is this *The New Leader* talking—the magazine which "for more than twenty-five years has fought for the expansion of democracy, and against anti-semitism, racial discrimination, anti-labor legislation, and all other manifestations of reaction"? It is.

We wonder seriously whether the editors of *The New Leader* have read the Blanshard charges, or, if so, whether they understood what Mr. Blanshard was talking about. If they took his distortions at face value, what a twisted, benighted view of Catholic teaching they must have! Or perhaps in their case, as in others, Mr. Blanshard was able to take advantage of a remarkable area of ignorance found in men otherwise exceptionally well informed.

The Tribulations of "Mother Aldrich"

AMERICANS had various reasons for joining the numerous front organizations which the Communists set up in this country in the 1930's. When they failed to recognize the high-sounding outfits for what they were, these people joined in protest against some evil to which the organization ostensibly was opposed, or out of a youthful sense of revolt, or from warm sympathy for democratic ideals. Unhappily, when all was revealed, many of these joiners put off terminating their affiliation and, when they did break away, were very quiet about it.

Others were more open-eyed. They knew about the Communist inspiration in these organizations, but they felt that some sort of common action was the only way personally to confront despicable fascism or evil manifestations that were akin to fascism. Here, too, there was an ultimate disillusionment—this time about Communism itself. Again there were unhappy delays and disquieting silences about disaffiliation. And all along there were the dyed-in-the-wool Stalinist members, too.

To what extent, then, should proved membership in Communist organizations disbar a man from a job? In the present state of things he should clearly be disqualified from government posts of any importance, either on the grounds of manifest Communist sympathies or of woeful lack of judgment, however the case may be in each individual instance. The same criteria would apply in any industry having to do with national defense.

Skipping rapidly down the line of essential activities to radio-television and soap opera, has a

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person like Jean Muir, who never got to make her first TV appearance as Mother Aldrich, a just grievance? General Foods, the sponsor, who acceded to various anti-Communist protests and supplanted her, has a neat formula for dispatching the difficulty (besides paying Miss Muir her full wage for an 18-weeks contract): "The use of controversial personalities . . . in our advertising may provoke unfavorable criticism and even antagonism among sizable groups of consumers."

Without so clear-cut a principle, a decision is harder to come by. We do not concern ourselves here with the allegations about Miss Muir's Communist affiliations and sympathies which led to the protest, which in turn caused her to lose her new role as Mother Aldrich. We are looking to a more general question: Should any person be barred from a job in the entertainment world because of present (or past) Communist connections or sympathies that are established beyond reasonable doubt? There is always a danger of setting precedents that would seriously impair our consistent tradition of civil liberties.

It is unhappily true that a number of Hollywood and Broadway "personalities" have long contributed heavily to Party funds and allowed their notoriety to be exploited for Communist causes. But would there not be something highly appropriate about relegating people with such views to minor roles in soap operas that go their relentless way, day after day and week after week? Almost a case of poetic justice.

The Facts

FREQUENTLY, when Jacob Malik is winding up one of his speeches in the Security Council, he has a way of remarking, in reference to his own construction of world events, that "these are the facts" or "this is the way things are." One of Malik's "facts" is that the United States is the aggressor in Korea. Since he has little chance of convincing any Westerner above the age of reason of this, it is assumed that he has been talking to someone else, to himself, to the folks back home, or to the Asiatics. But not to the free, inquiring minds of the Western peoples. After all, the intellectual boast of the West, since the "Enlightenment" especially, is that the logical, empirical, fact-seeking, spade-calling mind is man's hope and, as some even believe, his only salvation. If one is to get a sympathetic hearing in the West, he has to respect the fact that the Western peoples, whatever their differences, have long lived in general agreement about this thing: truth is anchored to objective evidence, to reality, to the facts as determined by investigation.

When Malik kept insisting that black could be white, no man here with any regard for his mental health could swallow it. Even the Wallaces, the Pressmans and the Rogges had to run for cover.

As it never was before, the fact was brought home to the American's mind that it was virtually impossible to talk to the Russians. The average American came to know, through his TV set, or his radio or his newspaper, what our diplomats had come to know after literally hundreds of futile conferences with the Russians on, say, atomic energy or an Austrian peace treaty. Now the ordinary citizen, too, got red in the face and vented his anger by refusing to unload Russian cargoes, while Mr. Austin was boiling over in the UN, and Secretary Matthews was having his moment of madness in Boston, and the VFW in Chicago was cheering MacArthur's one-man military-diplomatic show in the Pacific.

If all these reactions to Malik's double-talk and Russian aggression, from the top brass right on down to the stevedore, were a little high-tempered and hasty, how else did you deal with Jacob Malik and the Russians? Mr. Truman, for his part, was not calling Stalin "old Joe" anymore and there was no longer any talk of sending Mr. Vinson to Moscow.

Short of war, our foremost success in dealing with the Russians has been in Berlin. The airlift there was a practical application of the Kennan-Acheson "situation of strength" policy and we have come to realize the wisdom of this policy the more we have come to understand that a kind of "force of circumstances" is the only language the Russians know.

To go on with this policy, to go on piling up bombs behind the diplomats' chairs, to go on testing one another's nerves, is not what you would call "peace." To bring peace out of this prolonged armed truce will take the calmest kind of diplomacy, even while the winds blow all around, from Boston, from Chicago, from Wisconsin, from Tokyo. It will take, as Secretary Acheson has said several times, "steady nerves." And if all this, as a prospect for peace, is not very pleasant or reassuring, it is at least our most hopeful last chance to avert catastrophe. When the facts of life are unpleasant, one can only learn to live with them as best he can, and for that insight into man's present estate, we are in Jacob Malik's debt, probably more than he knows.

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My Life as "Frank Hughes"

Full confession of a top Russ agent.

By MILTON MAYER

I CAN endure my agony no longer. I must tell. I must tell what I am, what I have done, *and who I am.* My family will suffer, and my friends and associates. No matter. I can endure my agony no longer.

First, I must thank the editors of THE COMMONWEAL for opening their pages to as wretched a confession as any publication has ever felt compelled, in the public interest, to lay bare before a horrified world. THE COMMONWEAL has almost nothing to gain in this sordid affair. I—at COMMONWEAL rates—still less.

You have not read, nor will you ever read, the new book which necessitates my confession. *The reason is that the book was written and published with the express intention that you never read it.* It discloses the most unholy conspiracy ever concocted to seize the American government and enslave the American people, *but it is so written, titled, published, and priced as to make it wholly unreadable.*

It is called—with the deliberate purpose of discouraging the American people from reading it—*Prejudice and the Press.* It is 642 turgid, illiterate, misprinted, and repetitious pages long, including five Appendices and one thousand one hundred forty-two footnotes, including footnotes to Appendices. Most of the footnotes are *Ibids,* referring to such unassailable documents as the Report of the 80th Congress House Un-American Activities Committee headed by J. Parnell Thomas, one of our country's most red-blooded and red-handed patriots. The book is priced at $6.00, to make certain that no American, except, perhaps, the man who wanted it published, will buy it. It is published by "The Devin-Adair Company," and its author is "Frank Hughes," identified as "a staff writer for the Chicago *Tribune.*"

And what is "The Devin-Adair Company"?

"The Devin-Adair Company" is actually one Lemuel Pipkin, a disgruntled locomotive engineer of Muncie, Ind. He is my second cousin.

And I am "Frank Hughes."

That is why I know that this book is unreadable. *I wrote it that way.*

Briefly, the book reveals that thirteen sly servitors of Moscow, calling themselves the "Commission on Freedom of the Press," have organized a Communist plot to "shatter the entire American constitutional structure," to "demolish all basic, individual human rights," and, finally, to "create a tyranny in the name of freedom" in the United States.

These thirteen conspirators are not, as "Frank Hughes" reveals, working alone or unarmed. They are the *Politburo,* or *Kabinet,* of a grand conspiracy whose underground includes all the institutions of higher learning in America, with the possible exception of Yale, the Alma Mater of Col. R. R. McCormick, the owner of the Chicago *Tribune.* Their weapons are the four and a half billion dollars of educational property in America, which they control, and the two to four billion dollars of the so-called philanthropic foundations besides.

The average American may well whistle and ask: "How can they miss?"

The answer is: "Expose them to the righteous fury of the American people."

This book—*Prejudice and the Press*—exposes them. It calls all liberty-loving Americans to arms against the colleges, the universities, the foundations, and, in general, against "the international disease of intellectualism." Its author, "Frank Hughes," reveals that the attempt "to destroy the philosophy of inalienable rights" "has been carried on mainly by 'intellectuals.'"

This book names names. It names Alger Hiss. It names Karl Marx. It names Lenin. It names Stalin. It names Alger Hiss again. It names Mrs. Roosevelt. It names John Rockefeller, John Milton, John Marshall, and Alger Hiss. It names Alger Hiss, Aristotle, Bismarck, and Benjamin Franklin. It names Milton Mayer as the flag-trampling toady—toady indeed!—of the chief architect of the conspiracy.

And it names the Big Thirteen, operating behind the "blind" of the "Commission on Freedom of the Press." Some of the names will be familiar to COMMONWEAL readers—"Professor" Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard, "Professor Emeritus" William E. Hocking of the same university, Archibald MacLeish, the "poet," John Dickinson, the "General Counsel" of the "Pennsylvania Railroad," "Professor" Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, and Beardsley Ruml, the "banker." One of the Thirteen, a certain George N. Shuster, who carries on his machinations behind the ivy-hung walls of "Hunter College," of which he is "President," was once, in, let us hope, his better days, an editor of COMMONWEAL. But, though these conspirators have, as "Frank Hughes" says, "helped and supported the Communist

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Party," they themselves are small fry compared with the chief architect of the conspiracy.

This man—if, indeed, such a creature may be called a man—is Robert M. Hutchins, revealed by "Frank Hughes" as a frustrated failure, a charlatan, faker, liar, traitor, misquoter of Greek sages, and mouther of veiled authoritarian precepts of metaphysics. This "undisputed director of the $142,412,646 fortune belonging to the University of Chicago" is shown by "Frank Hughes" to be a totalitarian, an anarchist, a Communist, a Nazi, a socialist, and a hater of the United States, "including its schools, its newspapers, its Republican form of government, its history, traditions, philosophy, economic system, people, and the great statesmen who founded it." Small wonder that he finds himself, as "Frank Hughes" puts it, "confused, belabored and alone"—with $142,412,646.

Large wonder, you will say, that such a frustrated and undisputed mouther could be the brains of so colossal a Communist conspiracy as the so-called "Commission on Freedom of the Press." A paradox, you will say.

But a paradox no longer.

★

HUTCHINS was not the brains of the conspiracy exposed by "Frank Hughes." I, Milton Mayer, alias "Frank Hughes," was. It was I who drew Hutchins (without, however, much difficulty) into Communism; placed him in The University of Chicago (where he had access, subject to my hold on him, to the $142,412,646); engineered his so-called educational reforms, such as the Great Books (designed to divert the American people from their real problem—Communism) and the abolition of football (designed to undermine the moral fibre of American youth); and created the "Commission on Freedom of the Press" and wrote its so-called report, which "Frank Hughes'" book exposes.

As TCCUSA—Muscovite alphabeticism for Top Communist Courier in the United States of America—I fomented the conspiracy which was nominally headed by my pawn Hutchins. As "Frank Hughes"—a character I assumed on orders from my superiors in Moscow—I exposed the conspiracy in my book, *Prejudice and the Press*.

Moscow believed that the time had come to get rid of the whole Hutchins apparatus, which was tainted with right deviationism. I disagreed. I requested Moscow to reconsider. My request was summarily rejected. Thereupon, in what I, like Trotsky and Tito before me, believed was the best interest of World Communism, I betrayed my masters by making my exposé unreadable.

It means burning my bridges behind me. It means death if I am deported to my native Outer Mongolia. After a lifetime of throttling freedom, I . . . choose . . . freedom. I throw myself upon the mercy of the American people. I will confess. I will recant. I will accuse. I will do anything, say anything, be anything, if only the American people will accept me as an ex-Communist. It is my only hope.

I HAVE said I placed Hutchins in The University of Chicago.

It was a rainy morning in 1928 when I stepped off the New Haven Railroad at New Haven and entered the rain-swept campus of Yale University by way of a hole in the Yale Fence. My informers had informed me that Hutchins was through as Dean of the Yale Law School. He had been caught smoking opium off campus.

He had been told I was coming, and how to identify me.

"Mr. Hiss, I presume," I said, as I entered his office. (Hiss was the code name under which Lenin was smuggled through Germany in 1917).

Hutchins was supposed to give me the official American Boy Scout handshake and call me "Simms." Instead, he gave me the Boy Scout *salute* and said: "Dr. Livingston, I presume."

"Simms," I said coldly.

"Excuse me," he said, with ill-concealed discomfort. "Addison Simms, if I am not mistaken."

I saw that I was dealing with a pumpkinhead—but a pliant one. He had a weak face; it sagged under his black Homburg, which he wore, during office hours, low on his head. The strategy was transparent; it was intended to distract attention from his shapeless feet, which were bare. He would be putty in my hands; I put on my gloves, knowledgeable as I was in the ways of the FBI.

Then I locked the door and threw the key into the roaring fireplace. As a precautionary measure, I pulled the phones and buzzers out of the wall and threw them in, too. While I was examining the chandelier, it came down on Hutchins, but his hat saved him. I pulled down the shade. The shade came off the roller, and I threw it in the fire. The fire went out.

"Here," I said, "is my proposition. The 'Presidency' of The University of Chicago is open. Anybody with $20,000,000 can have the job. The only people they have found with $20,000,000 are fools."

"Is that a handicap?" said Hutchins.

"No, you fool," said I. "The handicap is that they *look* like fools. A university president must not look like a fool. Not all fools look like fools. You don't look like a fool."

"But," said Hutchins, "I haven't $20,000,000."

"I have," said I.

"Where did you get it?" said Hutchins.

"Don't be a fool," I said.

★

TWENTY years later, Tchicherin, Kirov, Roskolnikov, and I sat in Chancellor Hutchins' office at The University of Chicago. There was a fifth person present, besides Hutchins. I *think* it was Budenz. I remember studying Budenz's face (if it *was* Budenz). The perfect World Communist type—implacably consecrated to the Party, coldly fanatical, constitutionally incapable of deserting the Cause, contemptuous of the naive bourgeois assumption that Communists can be converted from their unholy faith. A reliable man.

Not so, Hutchins.

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He was soft. Soft not only in our hands, but in any hands. It had cost almost as much in rubles to keep him delaying the production of the first atomic bomb as it had cost in dollars to produce it. Moscow didn't want the bomb dropped on Germany, which was ready to fall into Moscow's lap anyway. Moscow wanted it dropped on Japan, to create hatred of America. In the end, Moscow got what it wanted from Hutchins; he stalled on the bomb until Germany surrendered.

But it had taken some strong—I might say vehement—treatment to keep him in line against bourgeois pressure. His friends observed that he grew gaunt and haggard during that period, but his closest "friends," including Mortimer Adler, Assistant TCCUSA, explained that "the boss," as we always took pains to call him, was worried about the "morals" of making bombs. Adler and I had many a private laugh over that one.

At this meeting in Hutchins' office, I was instructing "the boss" to organize the so-called "Commission on Freedom of the Press." I named the "members" of the "Commission." I dictated the "philosophy" of the "Commission," which, as "Frank Hughes," I later disclosed in my book as

> a new doctrine which gives government the *right* to "break up," "regulate" [sic], and "control" newspapers . . .

Hutchins slavishly wrote everything down, while Tchicherin, Kirov, Roskolnikov, and I looked on, steely-eyed, and Budenz (if it *was* Budenz) affected to watch a humming bird whirring away in the honeysuckle blossoms outside Hutchins' window. Before the meeting broke up, I dictated the future "Commission's" report. To the innocent reader of the report, its philosophy may appear to be the exact opposite of the one disclosed in "Frank Hughes'" *Prejudice and the Press*. But "Frank Hughes" was no innocent reader of the "Commission's" report; *he was its author*.

The "Commission's" report pretended to find a dangerous decline in the number of independent newspapers in America. But as "Frank Hughes" in *Prejudice and the Press* I proved that there were not, for example, as so many confused and belabored Chicagoans supposed, only five newspapers in Chicago (subsequently reduced to four by merger). I proved, as "Frank Hughes," that "actually, there were 90 other newspapers, all within the city limits of Chicago." There was the *Sheridan Center Booster,* the *Echoes,* and 88 more, including the Chicago *Tribune*.

★

AS TO THE "Commission's" communistic charge of sensationalism in the American press, I refuted that one, in *Prejudice and the Press,* by saying that "criticism for purveying sensation sounds rather strange coming from a group of university professors and former professors, for no American newspaper ever printed an account as sensational as those to be found between the covers of the Bible or William Shakespeare, with which these men presumably deal."

The "Commission" accused some sections of the press of being biased by their owners' wealth. I proved, as "Frank Hughes," that the $115,365,820 reported net worth of Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., was peanuts compared with the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s $9,310,257,409.

Having demonstrated that Hearst is a ragamuffin compared with AT&T., I proceeded, in my exposé, to reveal "Professor Niebuhr's connection with Columbia University's $157,365,581 through Union Theological Seminary, which has affiliations with Columbia." Thus I demonstrated that *one* member of the "Commission," an alleged professor of applied religion in a theological seminary, is wealthier than Hearst, though not as wealthy as the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

I must confess that I slipped a few times in dictating the "Commission's" report. For example, to support my alleged statistics on the alleged bias of alleged wealth, I quoted the late William Allen White, editor of the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette*:

> Too often the publisher of an American newspaper has made his money in some other calling than journalism. He is a rich man seeking power and prestige. He has the country club complex. The business manager of this absentee owner quickly is affected with the country club point of view. Soon the managing editor's wife nags him into it. And they all get the unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth.

As "Frank Hughes," I labeled this statement "100 per-cent Communist doctrine, thereby proving that William Allen White was not, as he pretended to be all his life, a Republican editor of a Republican newspaper. I should not have quoted such a notorious 100-per-cent Communist as William Allen White. I weakened my pro-Communist case that way.

There was another slip in the "Commission's"—that is, my—report. I wrote:

> It is vital to a free society that an idea should not be stifled by the circumstances of its birth. The press cannot and should not be expected to print everybody's ideas. But the giant units can and should assume the duty of publishing significant ideas contrary to their own, as a matter of objective reporting, distinct from their proper function of advocacy.

But as "Frank Hughes," I demolished this Communist propaganda of the "Commission" by proving that the press already assumes that duty:

> It [the "Commission's" complaint] ignored the fact that advertising offers full voice for any and all political views.

Why hadn't I thought of that when I dictated the "Commission's" report?

But, if I made a few slips in my pretended report, I succeeded in striking a blow for Moscow in my subsequent book by identifying "liberals"—anti-Marxists—as Marxists and thereby discrediting the "liberal" enemies of Communism. In discussing "the nature of the 'liberal,'" I wrote, as "Frank Hughes":

> These aliens and alien-infected natives brought to

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this country nothing but their prejudices and convictions. They fought the "American way of life." Defeated, they re-grouped around their totalitarian ideas, and became a band of discontented, disaffected, and semi-treasonous radicals, intent only on tearing down that "American way of life," but refusing to leave its climate because they enjoyed its bountiful material comforts. This was the foundation of "liberalism" in America.

As a *true* liberal, I maintained, in *Prejudice and the Press,* that "government is the perpetual enemy of liberty" and that liberty is being lost in England because Englishmen are no longer free "to dispose of their incomes as they wish."

★

AS "FRANK HUGHES," I disclosed the hitherto unsuspected fact that the great philanthropic foundations, bearing such grand old names as Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Guggenheim, have all been perverted by the "Commissioners" and their friends to the subversive purposes of the Communist conspiracy:

> There must be hundreds of university and college professors in America who do not have a pro-Communist, internationalist bias, who do not revere the Roosevelt-New Deal domestic and foreign policy as tablets brought down from Mt. Sinai, and who need help in their research and writing. The writer has reviewed hundreds of foundation-financed tracts, pamphlets, books, and theses, and, except for medical research, dissertations on Egyptology, Polynesian poetry, and the like, has yet to find, in any politically influential work, the handiwork of such an author.

I wish I had space here to print some of the Polynesian poetry I encountered in my close reading of hundreds of foundation-financed tracts. I cannot say that I found in any of the Polynesian poetry a clear pro-Communist, internationalist, Roosevelt-New Deal bias. But I did find other things in it.

These other things led me, as "Frank Hughes," to immorality at The University of Chicago. Quoting State Representative G. William Horsley of Illinois to the effect that "Communism and immorality go hand in hand," I devoted thirty-four pages of *Prejudice and the Press exclusively* to the hideous practices that abound on, or near, the neighborhood of the institution over which Hutchins presides confused, belabored, and alone. I cited 29 criminal cases over a period of 28 months "in which almost 50 students or faculty members were involved." I cite only one of them here:

> On Sept. 10, 1946, ———, a clerk in the University of Chicago sub-post office, on the University campus, was indicted by a Federal grand jury on a charge of embezzling $1,132 from post office funds.

My conclusion, as "Frank Hughes," was devastating:

> There is no other university or college in recent memory which has had such an indictment of crime, immorality, malfeasance, and corruption brought against it or against its administration, supported by clear and unanswerable statement of facts. There is no newspaper chain in America which ever has been accused of harboring people who have committed such a lengthy list of felonies and misdemeanors, or of failing to halt the commission of such crimes over a period of many months by those connected with it.

★

THE reader of *Prejudice and the Press*—were there a reader—might be skeptical that anyone would write a book for no other purpose than to discourage people from reading it. His skepticism would be justified. Zany the book is; I chose, as I said, to defy Moscow and by garbling my exposé of them protect the Hutchins Mensheviks. But completely zany—no. The book had to be readable by one man. That man was "Colonel" R. R. McCormick, the owner of the "Chicago" *Tribune,* where much of the book appeared first in news story form under my alias, "Frank Hughes." It was Colonel "McCormick," of course, who paid for my work.

He paid for Hutchins' work, too.

I have betrayed and re-betrayed the betrayers. I have sold out everyone connected with the conspiracy I pretended to expose. I shall now sell out "McCormick."

It was a gray day, and no honeysuckle, in 1947 when I entered his private elevator in his private tower, ascended to his private floor, and submitted myself to his private guards. One of them, Ator, said, "I'll search his teeth." I had an ampule of tritium concealed in what is known as the "bicuspid"—the hollow between the cuspids. Ator was one of my men.

Under my arm I had a small wooden box, the size of a cigar box. On the outside it said CIGARS.

"What are these?" said the corporal of the guards.

"Cigars," I said.

"Here, Stolz," he called to a man in a diver's helmet, "submerge this and turn it over to Dr. Fishbein for analysis. Tell Dr. Fishbein to turn it over to Jake Lingle for assaying, and tell Jake to turn it over to the Managing Editor for a report."

I cooled my heels until the Managing Editor arrived with the report. He had the box with him.

"What was it?" said the guard.

"Cigars," said the Managing Editor.

"Here, Morgenstern," said the corporal, addressing a prematurely bent man wearing a welder's goggles, "put these cigars under the drier and give them back to the gentleman. They're a present for the Colonel."

My heels were cool, so I accompanied Morgenstern to the drier and warmed them.

The sliding steel door of "McCormick's" office closed automatically behind me.

"You're covered," said "McCormick."

I took my hat off. He was shaking like a leaf. "You're shaking like a leaf," I said. "Where you been? Aspen?"

He laughed hollowly.

"Have one," I said, handing him a cigar out of the box.

I lit it for him. He puffed nervously—twice.

Then the cigar exploded.

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He laughed hollowly.

"All these cigars explode after the second puff," I said. "But those two puffs are worth it, I always say. Have another."

His eyes narrowed.

I narrowed mine.

I lit the cigar for him.

It exploded. . .

"Now, Mac," I said, coming up again, "to business. You know my proposition. You know who I am and what I've done—and what I can do. I'll expose the whole Hutchins amalgam for fifty million. The whole thing."

"We pay seventy-five cents, space rates, since the Guild got in," he said.

"I don't work on space rates," I said. "Forty million."

"Make it five dollars," he whined.

"Twenty-two million," I said, opening the cigar box. "Take it or—."

"Or what?" he stammered.

"Take it," I said.

"I'll be ruined," he stuttered.

"Put that in writing," I said, "and I'll give you two per cent for cash."

We cut our wrists and signed in blood.

"Just like Huckleberry Finn," he said.

"Tom Sawyer," I said. "You leave the Great Books to me."

He left them to me, in a codicil.

When the codicil had been wheeled out of the room on a dolly, I said: "A shipment of ten million bottles of yogurt sails from San Luis Potosi on Thursday, and—."

"San Luis Potosi is inland," he said, weakly.

"It won't be Thursday," I said. "Now, you listen to me. That shipment of yogurt is consigned to Ambassador Perle Mesta in Luxembourg, for a party she's throwing. It will never reach her. It—."

"Where is it going?" he said.

"Not," I said, "to Yugoslavia. It is going to pay a twenty-million-dollar debt I incurred on a rainy day at Yale in 1928. Inside each of those ten million bottles of yogurt I want a Mexican two-dollar bill."

"I've never seen a Mexican two-dollar bill," he said.

"You've got until Wednesday to see ten millions of them," I said.

His head was buried in his arms; his monocle glistened wanly on the teakwood table. Sympathy for his suffering—I was, after all, still human—touched me for an instant. And then I remembered Budenz (if it *was* Budenz). I looked out the bullet-proof window and drummed on the table.

"Don't scratch the table," he said.

I scratched it.

His words were muffled: "I'll . . . I'll do it. . . . Milton."

"Call me 'Frank'," I said.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA

The Flow of Ideas

IN THE life of a nation or a people, there are certain historical influences that have a vigorous continuity. Latin America has kept up with Europe a very old and important relationship—in the flow of ideas as well as in the channels of trade. Although the war totally paralyzed the exchange of goods and services, former commercial relationships are now being firmly re-established.

It is somewhat the same in the field of ideas. Today the intellectual atmosphere, especially in the universities of Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay, derives from that of the great European cultural centers. I would say that the influence of European ideas on the scientific, literary, artistic and philosophic thought in these American countries is all-absorbing.

In the domain of philosophy, for example, Jacques Maritain holds a preeminent place. His books are read by numbers of people, even by those who do not specialize in this field, and it is difficult to encounter a moderately well-educated person who is not familiar with Maritain's works.

Obviously not everyone accepts Maritain's teachings; frequently controversies over his works have been heated. In Chile no less than ten books of a polemical character have been published on this French philosopher in recent years—certain of them have been of real worth, especially one by Jaime Castillo and another by the Chilean Jesuit, Julio Jiménez.

The principal literary and dramatic works of the Existenialists have likewise had a wide play here. There is this distinction to be made: Maritain has had great influence especially on youth groups, where he is considered a master to be followed with ardor; Sartre has found more readers than disciples. The latter seems to minister to intellectual curiosity rather than to proclaim a doctrine that motivates a position or an interpretation of life or of man.

★

SINCE the war one thinker who has been gaining a really predominant influence is Arnold J. Toynbee. *A Study of History* and *Civilization On Trial* are read by a public constantly growing in numbers and enthusiasm. It is believed that he has successfully supplanted the interpretation of Spengler, who came forward right after the first World War as the most influential German historian. On a much more limited scale, but no less deeply, the English historian Macauley Trevelyan is known and appreciated for his grasp of social and political factors, whose organic development he explains in a masterly fashion.

The English have a notable influence of another sort in G. K. Chesterton, whose public includes all sorts of people; he is considered the most original of the English

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writers of this century. Considering the number of books he has written and their success, he is doubtless the most widely read English author, at least in Chile.

Among the poets, Paul Claudel holds a preferred place. His play, "The Tidings Brought to Mary" is a great stage success that returns each year in new and repeated interpretations. Among the novelists, in addition to Sartre, we find Camus, Morgan, Huxley, and now Kafka and Herman Hesse.

Necessarily all this brings about not only an intellectual attraction but also a great current of human interchange between South America and the Continent, which is considered the true teacher in the order of ideas. And that explains why, normally, European political and economic ideas are reflected in South American life, rather than in governments. Yet there is a definite reflection in the organization of political parties and in the trade union structure.

This dominance is even felt by South American writers themselves, who have in consequence a very restricted public. This is no new phenomenon. From the birth of these republics the influence of European thought has been paramount. Our parliaments have seen evidence of this, too; the orators there have long imitated the great French and English statesmen and brought to their lands something of the impassioned debates that took place in Paris or in the House of Commons.

★

THE great aspiration of every cultivated man is to travel to the Continent and seek there the founts of the culture which he has imbibed through reading. The last war made this passage of men, ideas, and merchandise virtually impossible. But now Europe once again is the creative continent and the South American looks toward it again with the same intense interest.

Recently it has proved that today, just as in the nineteenth century, the great political dividing lines are formulated in the same manner in both South America and Europe (it was conservatives and liberals then). For simultaneously with the appearance of the parties of Christian democratic inspiration in Belgium, France, Germany and Italy, this idea has had wide acceptance among the Latin American peoples, while other groups have moved toward socialism and communism.

There is no factor of greater importance for a comparative study of the two Americas and for mutual understanding than a recognition and appreciation of the fact of the preponderant influence of European thinkers on the intellectual elite in South America. It is clear that the South American in his material way of life makes use of North American mass-production products and copies the tastes, comforts and such diversions of the United States as the movies. He also admires North American technical ability in achieving and pushing scientific progress ahead. Yet the South American intellectual continues to be an impassioned disciple of the intellectual currents coming from the ancient continent, which continues to constitute for him the center of creation in the order of ideas.

EDUARDO FREI.

The Screen

CONFESSIONAL OR COUCH?

IT'S TOO BAD about *"Edge of Doom,"* the movie Sam Goldwyn made from Leo Brady's novel. The thing just doesn't come off, despite the obvious intention of everyone involved to make something pretty special. What might have been the exciting story of a spiritual struggle—a dramatic application of the Hound of Heaven theme—has turned out to be a static, often downright boring thriller without thrills, religious drama without religion, psychological document shaky about its psychology. It's hard to classify the resulting mish-mash except to say that it adds up to a great waste—of money, of talent and, I'm sorry to say, of time.

The fault lies above all with the compromising script. Phil Yordan, who adapted the story, seems to have been uncertain about what the film was trying to do. Is this the case history of a psychotic personality or the story of a man's internal struggle with the forces of good and evil? A rather important point. But the movie never makes up its mind. Clinical detail is one thing; exalted spiritual drama another. With "Edge of Doom," you're never sure what they're trying to sell you. "Hamlet" or "The Snake Pit"—there is quite a difference.

The story involves two things with which Hollywood is generally uneasy, poverty and religion. The camera is very graphic about the physical aspects of big-city poverty—a point in the picture's favor. But the dialogue between the slum residents more often than not sounds like something written for sociology class by a young lady from one of the glossier academies.

Religion, which is treated as a good thing that we ought to have more of, might have supplied the meat of the story. Instead it is served up as a decorative garnish.

★

A SLUM-BRED BOY (Farley Granger) loses his mother. The boy, who was too poor to get her the medical attention she needed, is crushed, embittered and left with a feeling of guilt. The mother, a sweet, devout lady, was the widow of a suicide who had been refused Christian burial by her pastor some years before. The woman herself remained unwavering in her loyalty and support of the Church through the years. But her moody, rebellious son resented the Church, resented the hard-earned money his mother placed in the collection box Sunday after Sunday, resented the fact that even in the Church his mother had gone unhonored for her devotion. Her sacrifices went unnoticed, her generosity unappreciated. As he grew up, the boy focused all his resentments on the local priests. When his mother died he was determined to demand from them a fine funeral for her. By a fine funeral he had in mind an expensive coffin, a wealth of flowers, a shiny procession of limousines. They who had accepted so much so freely through the years

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owed her at least that, he reasoned blindly.

The tired old pastor, loaded down with problems of his own, refused the irrational request. In his anger the boy picked up a crucifix on the priest's desk and swung. The old man crumbled. The blow was fatal.

The rest is concerned with the youth's attempt to escape suspicion and—here is where the ambiguity comes in—the gnawing sense of responsibility for his sin. But it is never clear that the boy really has a sense of sin. One might even doubt whether he was capable of sin. From time to time, throughout, there are indications that he is mentally unbalanced, incapable of clear decision. What would have to be real fear of damnation and sincere repentance to give meaning to the title, when they finally do come, look very much like sheer weariness with being pursued and regret *that* the thing happened, not the hate and the killing themselves. Spiritual drama has to be more explicit about motives than the movie version of "Edge of Doom" ever dares to be.

★

DANA ANDREWS as a sympathetic, helpful young curate is laconic and manly as usual, and in the movie tradition of the priest-in-the-slums. Such priests always seem to be as unencumbered by doctrine as an inter-faith rally, and the one in "Edge of Doom" is no exception. The dramatic possibilities that lie in his being a priest, able to forgive sins, are ignored. The way the role is written he might just as pointedly have been a YMCA coach. Farley Granger's performance is conscientious but it lacks the fire and depth the role demanded. Robert Keith is convincing as a judicious but understandably cynical detective. Several troubled young ladies are around, too. But their problems are still hanging in mid-air when the film ends.

At one point in "Edge of Doom" there is a biting little snatch of satire on the unctious duplicity of the undertaking business. I thought it was by far the best thing in the whole picture. The producers were brave to face up to the unpleasant facts of death and certainly deserve applause for needling funeral-parlor hypocrisy. If they were equally brave in facing up to hell and damnation, "Edge of Doom" might have been a great picture. That would be asking a lot, I know. But when you feel it necessary to skirt these painful realities, putting out a film like "Edge of Doom" doesn't make much sense.

★

"*THREE LITTLE WORDS*" is a cheerful little earful about two real-live songwriters, Harry Ruby and Bert Kallmar ("Who's Sorry Now?" "So Long Oolong," "Three Little Words"). I suspect that the true history of these talented gentlemen would turn out to be a horse of a different technicolor. But with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen and Red Skelton going through their paces, who wants scholarship? "Three Little Words" offers a formula as familiar as Astaire himself. Even the most casual movie-goers must have taken their stand on the genre long ago.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Harry, Won't You Blow Your Horn?

SOMETIMES leaders of labor unions display what seems to amount to a talent for stupidity. W. P. Kennedy and H. O. Hughes, presidents of the Trainmen and of the Conductors Unions, have recently shown such talent when they gave notice of a nationwide railway strike. That it was unlikely the strike would actually take place does not lessen our reasons for complaint. Nor is it lessened by the fact that the heads of the carriers share the blame. Men should not vie with each other for prizes which are proof they are stupid.

No labor dispute which is serious is easily solved, and it is clear that the strike is the only way in which workers can get justice when it has been denied them. But there are circumstances when a strike cannot be tolerated or permitted. The test of a labor leader is whether or not he has brains enough to know that this is true and to recognize the circumstances.

Our quarrel with Messrs. Kennedy and Hughes is not that they did not know that their proposed strike was an impossibility, but that they did. For what these union men want is not a strike, but a strike forbidden or aborted. They knew that, given Korea, the President of the United States could not allow the threatened strike to take place. No one knows better than Kennedy and Hughes that Mr. Truman had to end the strike once it was declared. Knowing that, they placed their bets not on government intervention but on government seizure. For that is what the strike threat was really all about. There was to be no strike and the trainmen and conductors were to remain at work if the President took over the railroads. That he would do so is the way they placed their bets.

★

THE FACT is that ever since the Plumb Plan, and its rejection in 1920, the Brotherhoods have had a hankering for public ownership of our railroads. The desire strikes me as founded on emotion; I do not emphasize its selfishness since I expect groups to act in their own interest. It is an idea rooted less in socialism, theoretical or real, than in a vague utopianism plus the feeling that to negotiate with the government would be more pleasant, efficient and successful. It must always be remembered that the Diesel engine dramatically increased for railroad workers the fear of unemployment. They live and work in a shrinking, not an expanding, industrial universe.

That the burden of transportation costs should be shifted to, and perhaps increased for, the general public does not worry them. In the present political climate, I do not chide them for being no different than other groups. I believe their desire for government ownership wrongheaded; but surely the method chosen lacks intelligence.

For even if you suppose public ownership of our railroads a desirable thing, it certainly cannot be brought about by Presidential seizure. Considering the long-range aims, such measures are exercises in self-defeat. And considering Korea and the national need now, such measures are a hold-up.

Looked at from any point of view it is difficult to make sense out of the actions of Kennedy and Hughes. For if the strike threat was calculated to compel the carriers to yield, it was bound to be a failure, since the carriers would certainly prefer seizure to a strike. Therefore seizure does not win for the unions a single demand.

★

MOREOVER, so long as we keep the system under which we now operate, men cannot lightly allow themselves, especially if they are leaders, to be accused of bad faith. But Kennedy and Hughes have laid themselves open to that charge on two counts. Both the carriers and John Steelman, who has been representing Mr. Truman in mediation meetings, were of the opinion that the first token strikes were to be called off and that no new strikes were contemplated. Less than an hour after that understanding Kennedy and Hughes made their announcement. The other count, of course, is to disappoint

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the rightful expectation of men who are fighting, that they will get supplies.

Then there is the allegiance all labor leaders owe to all union workers. The truth of the matter is that the Taft-Hartley Law was not written in a vacuum. It was, though a bad one, a response to the feeling of so many Americans as seemingly to constitute a mandate, that labor leaders, in particular John L. Lewis, had got out of hand. And Forrest Donnell, one of the senators from Missouri, has already prepared a bill to make the recommendations of railroad fact finding boards compulsory. In effect this bill would outlaw strikes and lockouts on railroads.

In the House, Congressmen Went Smith, of Kansas, has proposed for some time now a bill which would prevent the railroads for two years from employing anyone who had participated in any concerted action calculated to force a carrier to agree to rates of pay, rules or working conditions different from those recommended by fact finding boards.

I should think it a difficult thing for such as Messrs. Kennedy and Hughes to bear the burden of responsibility for that kind of law. I should think it an especially difficult thing because both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Hughes, as do all Brotherhood leaders, feel, I think rightly, that in the history of emergency boards, the carriers have got the better of the deal. I should think the time of Kennedy and Hughes better spent in attempts to rewrite the Railway Labor Act of 1926, which was insufficiently amended in 1934.

Curiously enough, all of the Brotherhoods are opposed to the Donnell bill because they oppose government control of wages. How they reconcile this with their recent continuing bids for government seizure gets beyond my power of analysis.

★

WHILE I AM SPEAKING of the Brotherhoods, the attitude of the Locomotive Engineers presents us with a curious equivocation. At the end of the war the total membership of the Brotherhoods was 1,200,000. In 1949 it dropped to 900,000, though 225,000 railway workers are not organized. So the unions would be strengthened by a union shop. But the Locomotive Engineers break the otherwise natural and logical unity by opposing legislation, specifically the Thomas bill, which would legalize the union shop on the lines. The stated ground of opposition is this: a union shop "may create conditions under which the organization might not maintain its right to refuse membership in the Brotherhood to such individuals as local groups might consider as undesirable members." I do not need to translate this not too oblique language which would risk loss of the union shop and increased membership rather than yield to discrimination against Negroes. It is as unbelievable, as curious, as indecent as that. The once-called "aristocrats of labor" act as if they were aristocrats still, and had a right to be. They are, indeed, a strange tribe.

They manifest what almost amounts to disdain for the public. To say that a railroad strike in August of 1950 is a literally intolerable thing is not to say that the unions have no grounds for a strike. But they almost conceal from us what the grounds are. The present set of difficulties have been talked about and bargained over for seventeen months. But to most people the whole thing, conveyed suddenly in the form of a strike threat, came as surprise and shock.

The railroad unions are making a bid for a 40-hour week. The unions involved here have asked for a 31¢ an hour increase to compensate for the work-week reduction. The board offered an 18¢ an hour increase to the yardmen, nothing to the conductors.

To this the unions make two complaints: (1) that a similar board last year gave a different and better decision to the non-operating unions (machinists, switchmen, etc.), (2) that long ago the railroads should have established the 40-hour week.

Part of the difficulty on the railroad is that these mediation boards don't mediate. Once the fact finders make a report—the varying awards must rankle—which is rejected by either side, the thing is in the lap of the President of the United States. This is a situation created by President Roosevelt, who in 1946 changed in favor of the workers one of the awards. Since then the hope has been that Mr. Truman would do the same thing; but he didn't.

It is true that in this instance a compromise was worked out by a mediation board and John Steelman, Mr. Truman's advisor. By it the yardmen were offered the 40-hour week and 23¢ an hour; and the conductors 5¢. There the matter stands. If the unions do not like these terms, and they do not, they must go on meeting with Steelman and the carriers, or make the best of the situation. That they cannot strike now, even if there is injustice, is clear.

★

BUT AS WAS suggested at the outset the whole Railway Labor Act of 1926 and its amendments of 1934 need revision. Problems are not resolved by the appointment of fact finding boards, especially when each board has different members and especially when their awards are subject to rejection in the turbulent hope that the President will do better. Nor is swift anger, such as is implicit in the Donnell Bill, an intelligent response to a situation which is beset by competition, loss of prestige, discontent, wage differences, old fashioned working rules, a grievance procedure incredibly slow and aggravated by the fact that it is run by ancient men whose counterparts live only in a counting house described by Dickens.

The Brotherhoods, I think, must yield up the feeling that they are prestige institutions, given in anger to periodic truculence, and lapsing back again into the half light like characters in William Faulkner who move half-mulled and nostalgically through a ruined world they have neither the stamina or power to restore nor the will wholly to destroy.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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Communications

The Little Things

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: As an inveterate reader . . . I would like to urge you to enlarge upon your disappointing remarks, "The Little Things," in the August 18 issue. I cannot escape the opinion here that COMMONWEAL has indeed talked unrealistically and with dangerous sentimentality. Is it so obvious that, in accepting aid against Communist aggression from corrupt governments headed by men like Tito, Franco, Chiang Kai-shek, the USA is compromising its own defense of freedom? I ask the question without pretending to know the answer. You say that the answer is yes, and yet I cannot fail to see a realistic logic in the argument which says that a greater compromise of that defense would be not to use what assistance is immediately available *in the absence of any other.*

The deciding factor must surely be the reality and immediacy of the Communist threat. To be sure it is asking something of the popular sentiment in Spain and Yugoslavia and China to ask it to distinguish between the acceptance of military assistance against an overwhelming threat such as Russia presents to the free world and—what is quite different—the endorsement of the governments from which that help is taken. In all honesty it is a sharp distinction and the choice of a merely lesser evil. But it is quite possible that the present juncture of world politics demands just such a distinction.

The goodness of American intentions in opposing Communism by whatever means is going to rest in the long run on the American practice of freedom and decency at home. It may be that our record is such that we cannot afford to be seen in the company of the politically impure for whatever reasons of dire necessity. But in the absence of any more popular and free governments in areas like Yugoslavia and China where aggression by Communism either threatens or has long since struck, can we refuse the military assistance of leaders whose only bond with us is their willingness to fight the major enemy? It is not a question to be decided on the grounds either of pure idealism or pure expediency. My own feeling is that James Burnham is right in his realistic estimate of the necessity for dealing with men like Franco, Tito, and Chiang. In the last analysis this decision would seem to be based on the belief that the worst features in the regimes of these men are bolstered by fear of Russian imperialism and that the first and most essential task is to destroy that menace. God only knows reform is needed in China and Yugoslavia and Spain, but it must follow, not precede, the defeat of the main enemy.

EDWIN HALSEY.

Morality and the Bomb

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: Robert Barrat's article in COMMONWEAL (August 18) should not pass without some adverse criticism. I have no objection to his stressing once more the Communist origin of the Stockholm Peace Petition, nor its incongruity with Soviet policies of world aggression and domination. But I do object most strenuously to his obvious impatience with the French Christian Manifesto for its "naiveté" in trying to proscribe the use of atomic weapons.

The undertone of Mr. Barrat's argument is familiar. America's stockpile of A-bombs is the major obstacle to the Soviet program. (Granted.) Hence, the Stockholm Petition is aimed at neutralizing that obstacle. (So far so good.) Therefore, any support for the Petition—or for such modifications as were represented by the Christian Manifesto—is support for the Communists and to be condemned. This last conclusion cannot be accepted on face value; it represents a subtle application of the "guilt by association" thesis. . . .

Mr. Barrat does not argue the morality of the bomb one way or the other. Rather, he escapes into a "realism" that relegates such concerns to a happier age when man could worry about such things at greater leisure and with less danger. I am afraid that COMMONWEAL would do its readers a severe injustice were it to foster such an attitude. For if, in its social context, the atom bomb is an immoral means of war, it *should* be outlawed; and any nation which would first introduce such a means into any present or future conflict *should* be recognized and branded as a war-criminal—every bit as much a war criminal as is the unjust aggressor in such a war. As Christians this issue resolves ultimately into a question of moral right or wrong, and we would be obliged to take such a stand regardless of whether or not the Communists originated such action or profited thereby.

Such a determination would, admittedly, put this nation at a disadvantage. But it is a disadvantage that will always plague the forces of truth and right. Their enemies, the forces of error and evil, have an unlimited choice of means, while they are bound by rigid laws of objective morality. Mr. Barrat's impatience stems from just this "weakness." Weapons of war, theories of war, and war itself may change; but the basic principles of morality that were true in the Scholastic era are true today and will never change.

And so we are bound to be "naive," and because we are committed as Christians to adherence to seemingly anachronistic distinctions between "just" and "unjust" means of war, between "combatant" and "non-combatant," etc. Mr. Barrat and the COMMONWEAL have actually presented a strong case for Catholic pacifism. If, as he says, "modern war can only be a total war;" and if "total war" means that these distinctions can no longer be recognized, one might say that the only valid conclusion to follow from these premises is the Catholic pacifist's claim that there can be no such thing as a "just" modern war.

GORDON C. ZAHN.

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The Hucksters' Reich

By JAMES RORTY

RADIO and television are like a great mirror from which the American Way of Life peers and talks back at us. It was the American way, while asserting the public ownership of the air, to turn the medium over to the hucksters for exploitation, instead of to educators and artists for purposes of positive culture-building. That was the British way. The Canadian way is a mixture of the two—the part borrowed from the British being adopted in order to save the Canadian culture from being engulfed in the American way.

A new book, (*Radio, Television, and Society. Charles A. Siepmann. Oxford.* $4.75) both the most comprehensive and by far the best treatment of the subject to date, describes the three systems in the value context of the scholar, the educator, the social scientist, and the government administrator, all of which Mr. Siepmann is or has been, as well as a practical working broadcaster. A graduate of Oxford, he has been successively a program planner for the British Broadcasting Corporation, a Rockefeller fellow, a consultant to the Federal Communications Commission, and a Professor of Education at New York University, his present post.

Thus far we have had only an undistinguished shelfful of histories of radio, trade manuals, and measurement studies of the radio audience and its conditioned responses. Mr. Siepmann quotes and digests what is most valuable in this literature and then proceeds to give the whole problem of air communication the independent examination and creative cultural appraisal it has hitherto lacked. The book is so informed and intelligent—and so uncensored—that on reviewing my notes I find that there is almost nothing to say about it except praise. Yet, on second thought, there turns out to be a good deal. Inevitably there are blind spots in the book, for it is necessary for Mr. Siepmann to engage the total problem of our technological civilization, and, varied as his experience has been, there are some fields he has not traversed. One of these is consumption economics.

There is neither fear nor flattery in Siepmann's treatment of the commercial broadcasters and their partners, the soap and cigarette magnates who call the tunes they play. But in the writer's opinion he fails to note the most depressing aspect of the whole situation, which is that the present commercial control of the medium is frozen and irreversible by any conceivable circumstance short of a broad socialization of our economy. And against such an advance our communications industry stands like a Maginot line without any weak links or uncompleted ends—none, at least, that this writer has been able to detect.

★

A DECADE ago, before the war, the major elements of the industry had not yet achieved their present community of interest. It was then still possible to play one vested interest against another. Newspapers and magazines, jealous of competition for the advertiser's dollar, occasionally printed the kind of criticism of radio that radio resolutely kept off the air—then as now. But the "joining" process was already well under way and today the consolidation of the press and radio interest is so far advanced that no public quarrels need be expected.

Moreover, the advertised brands now dominate the consumers' goods industry in practically every field; one vested interest defends the other in a tight axis that the government regulatory agencies have learned not to challenge. A press and radio boycott defeated the grade labelling and open formula labelling provisions in the early drafts of Food and Drug Legislation that preceded the adoption of the emasculated 1936 law. Today our tired food and drug administrators shrug off any possibility of successfully renewing that fight. It would seem that the FCC itself has tended to become equally cautious and resigned. Like the Food and Drug Administration it has no organized consumer constituency and no means of communicating with such a constituency if it had one. The majority of radio listeners don't know that the FCC exists.

How, then, shall we mobilize public opinion for the establishment—following the evolution of the present Canadian system—of the parallel government-owned or controlled radio and television networks that Mr. Siepmann envisions?

Not even the present war emergency is likely to provide us with such a yardstick of progress and correction. The advertising interest broadly defined—and at this point Mr. Siepmann fails to take account of the cultural "togetherness" he is elsewhere quite aware of—as *the total apparatus of social communication* allied with the dominant national brands sector of the consumption goods industry, rode out the last war on the cushion of a Treasury ruling permitting a substantial percentage of advertising expenditures to be deducted from excess profits taxes. The War Advertising Council did patriotic propaganda chores for government agencies for free—on its own terms, which forbade the institution of any appreciable advertising austerity either in print (despite the scarcity of wood pulp and paper) or on the air (despite the scarcity of radio technicians). At the end of the war both the advertising interest and its allies, the manufacturers of nationally advertised brands who had dominated the War Production Board and the War Food Administration, found themselves enormously strengthened. Prewar price-fixing and other monopoly practices had become general. The technological life-saver of FM—which it

JAMES RORTY *is the author of Advertising: His Master's Voice, and Tomorrow's Food. He has written for Harper's, the New Leader and other magazines.*

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was hoped would break the radio monopoly—was quickly gobbled up by the established AM stations and networks leaving only a frail stance on the air to organized labor, the cooperatives, and the embattled educators of Wisconsin, Ohio, and a few other favored regions.

★

EVEN more significant than this consolidation of oligarchical controls over the communications industry is the effect of three decades of advertising-sponsored broadcasting on the radio listener. The commercials have become longer and more nauseating, but the mass of listeners, who were at first resistant, have become more and more inured to them. "Opinion in this matter," writes Siepmann, "has veered from north to south, from active dislike to ready tolerance and even to positive enjoyment: 32 per cent apparently, are in favor of programs with advertising, 35 per cent 'don't particularly mind them' and only 31 per cent either do not like them (22 per cent) or would eliminate them."

Project this trend and we get the end result sought by George Orwell's totalitarian oligarchs in *Nineteen Eighty-four,* that is to say, the perfect subject who not only obeys Big Brother but really loves him.

"Get what you want," wrote Bernard Shaw, "or you will be forced to like what you get" one of the numerous quotations Dr. Siepmann uses so effectively throughout his analysis.

The American radio listener didn't want the American system of advertising-sponsored radio and when radio began, nobody, including Herbert Hoover and David Sarnoff, had the slightest idea that such a system would develop. Control dropped by default into the hands of the advertisers when it was shown that it paid them to foot the bill. National advertisers are mass producers of standardized products for a mass market of customers whose buying habits and value-patterns they attempt to standardize for their own profit. They aren't interested in *developing* these people mentally or emotionally; in most cases that would mean raising rather than lowering their sales resistance. Hence when the advertiser was given control of the air, the result was to stand culture on its head and to enthrone "the selfishness of vested interests, the sovereignty of ignorance, the tyranny of mass desires."

That was the easiest way, involving no such assertion of collective responsibility for the creative use of the new medium as was made by the British and later, by the Canadians when they saw themselves to be in danger of cultural subjugation by American radio advertisers. Was the American way also the democratic way, as our commercial broadcasters loudly assert?

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ONE of Dr. Siepmann's ablest and most interesting chapters is the one in which he compares the American, British, Canadian, and other systems. The British system is frankly authoritarian. "It rests," says its Director General, Sir William Haley, "on the conception of the community as a broadly based cultural pyramid slowly aspiring upwards . . . the listener being induced through the years increasingly to discriminate in favor of the things that are more worth while."

Using the same image one might say that the American system is based on the conception of an inverted cultural pyramid, the sheer weight of which drives its more developed point deeper and deeper into the psychological morass of passive escape fantasy and "mass ecstasy" (Frankie Sinatra's 40,000,000 fans).

Dr. Siepmann doesn't say that, and in fact it isn't true, except to a degree and as a tendency. What he does say is that the American system, although theoretically democratic, appears to work a great deal worse than it ought to do, whereas the British system, theoretically authoritarian, functions a good deal better than it has any business to do. As many Britishers listen as do Americans, although the British have to pay a pound a year for the privilege. And having been given what the somewhat priggish Oxford classicists of the BBC thought was good for them, they have ended by liking what they got (and what was culturally rather good for them) with no more complaints than are registered by American listeners against what is culturally quite bad for them.

In this writer's opinion the democratic-authoritarian opposition is more theoretical than actual. If we break through the semantic confusion we see that both systems are authoritarian, the American the more dangerously so, because its controls and compulsions are not acknowledged, because it is allied with and implements monopoly trends in industry, and because it nourishes and exploits degrading cultural and physiological mass addictions (soap opera and torch singers on the one hand, cigarettes and candy on the other).

★

YET, like Dr. Siepmann, the writer would be loth to turn our airwaves—all of them—over to the control of an American equivalent of the BBC. What we need—and no attainable "reform" of our sponsored system will substitute for it—is access by all radio listeners—and ultimately by all television viewers—to non-sponsored programs which give the cultural minorities and "lesser majorities" what they want and the masses what they need, whether they want it or not. Turn the cultural pyramid right side up. Give them what they need and they'll eventually see why and get to like it—has genuine education ever operated according to any other formula?

What is of primary importance is to break the essentially totalitarian grip of the commercial oligarchs on the strategic communications industry. Until that is done our democratic social process can neither see culturally nor breathe economically nor shake off its pressure group enslavements nor respond to the challenge of peace or of war. The hucksters must be made servants in the house, not masters. Once they accept their proper subordinate and collateral role they can be pretty good servants and provide good fare—as indeed they occasionally do now—for Ariel as well as Caliban, both of whom should be given radio receivers and television screens to which they can repair.

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Books

The Story of Ernie Pyle. Lee G. Miller. Viking. $3.95.

EVERYBODY knows Ernie Pyle. That is, everyone knows his name and the way in which he helped bring home to the people of America the daily life of the GI in World War II. The homely personal references Ernie made to his parents, Aunt Mary and his friends, made most people think they knew him, too. Ernie wrote simply and honestly, like someone you had known for a long time.

But if you read *The Story of Ernie Pyle,* by Lee Miller, his closest friend, who handled his affairs back in the States, you will realize you really didn't know Ernie after all.

Miller, who also writes simply and directly, brings you the intimate personal details of Ernie's family life, his days at Indiana University, his first newspaper experiences and the hard, tragic story about his wife, Jerry. Miller even includes such delightful incidents as Ernie's first date, when he, another young man and two girls sat around playing "Authors" for a while, and after that did not know what to do or say. His girl giggled. "We said something about not knowing it was so late, and rushed out."

Miller collected letters from many persons to whom Ernie had written. Those in his college days will remind you of your own. If you were on any of the fronts, you will recall your own reactions when inconsequential mail rushed to you, and the ones you wanted from home, your girl or your wife seemed never to come. Miller talked also with many who had been with Ernie in various parts of the world, including numerous other correspondents. The result is a complete, well flowing chronicle that makes Ernie live.

As you read Miller's book, you realize further why Ernie was able to write in the mood that was in tune with that of the average American. Ernie was an average American, too. He was in Washington when President Roosevelt began his historic reforms, but he wasn't concerned about them. At the time Hitler marched into Austria, Ernie was worried about the condition of the roads in Arizona. But once the war was imminent, he could think of little else. In August, 1939, he wrote Miller: "All the crises over the couple of past years we've never paid much attention to; but something got in us about this one, and we've felt right from the first day that this one was going to be war—not a war to end war, but a war to end everything."

From that time on, Ernie was concerned about the war, and from the time he experienced the blitz on London, nothing else mattered. It was in North Africa, says Miller, that he began to set down as no one has ever done before, the life of the doughboy, "the cold, the fear, the loneliness, the dreary sameness—and the forti-

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never excited anyone more than S & W has been excited by the rich hoard of material **Chesterton** left, casually dumped in boxes at Topmeadow. Among other things there are dozens of essays, written when he was at his wonderful best as an essayist, published in some English magazine or paper, and then forgotten. None of them has appeared in book form: some will do so on the 12th of this month. **THE COMMON MAN** ($3.00)—called by the title of the first essay—is on the kind of well-meant pushing around that has done so much to drive the common man out of his wits. It will help some of us to hold onto ours, no doubt, and put us in the mood to enjoy the 43 wide-ranging essays that follow it. (We refrain with difficulty from filling the rest of this ad with their titles; you might as well see them for yourself).

For those of your friends who have already been driven slightly nuts by the way the world treats them, and for you, if you would sooner not be, but (like us) feel no great certainty about staying sane, we recommend **NEUROSES AND SACRAMENTS** by **Alan Keenan, O.F.M.** ($2.50), an integration of the spiritual life with the findings of psychiatry. The author is young, sensible, full of charity, and knows what he is talking about. A lot of people are going to be grateful to him.

If you feel that the modern world is enough to make you mad in the other sense, consider how much madder you would be if you were an expellee—one of those 12 million people whom we popped into cattle trucks after the war and sent to Germany because their ancestors had come from there. It really was a very odd proceeding on our part and we ought to feel some concern about the future of these people, dumped in a foreign country that emphatically didn't want them. **Msgr. Swanstrom** tells their story in **PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT** ($2.50, ready). They are by no means a despairing lot, but something on a rather large scale will have to be done about them if they are not to become so.

We don't want to start an argument about a title, but they do seem to us even worse off than the Marseilles dockers of whom **Father Jacques Loew** writes in **MISSION TO THE POOREST** ($3.00). He is a Dominican turned docker, and with three other priests runs a missionary parish by the docks, on priest-workman lines. Results are immensely encouraging.

The Fall **Trumpet** will be going out in a few days now. If you have changed your address since the last **Trumpet** went out, don't forget to let Lucy MacGill know.

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tude with which those burdens, unimaginable at home, were borne." He became the war correspondent the GIs not only liked best, but felt affection for, because he was their friend, and he told the people, as they could not, what war life was like.

The whole story has a tragic overtone up to Ernie's death on an island with a name now almost forgotten, Ie Shima. But since it's a book about a man in a war, it couldn't be different.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

The Little World of Don Camillo. Giovanni Guareschi. Pellegrini. $2.75.

GUARESCHI'S book confirms the general idea of Italy, land of stocky olive-skinned men with black mustaches and impetuous gestures. The people are poor, eat tremendous amounts of *pasta,* and drink tolerable red wine. The families are large, the wives submissive, and the children impertinent. They are good people, *brava gente.*

In a little town anywhere along the Po, the village priest, Don Camillo, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, are in constant opposition. When syllogisms and Christian charity fail, and they do, quick substitutes are found in machine guns, boxing gloves, and the point of one's boot. With an elastic sense of political morals and considerable assistance from a remarkably Italian Christ, Don Camillo manages to come out on top in most of the encounters.

The book was understandably popular in Italy. In spite of not being an exceptionally funny work, a humorous tale of a priest and a Communist, both fundamentally good and warm-hearted, could not fail to be popular in a land where memories of civil strife are still very much alive.

The humor of these pages is largely whimsy and custard pie throwing. Very likely the book first appeared in installments, for this type of comedy gains in not being read in one sitting. Only in the introduction, and then briefly, does a melancholy touch appear. After mentioning that among his recent accomplishments was the making of a movie, the author comments that movies leave him indifferent and goes on to say that, "Many things in life leave me indifferent now but that is not my fault. It is the fault of the war. The war destroyed a lot of things we had within us. We have seen too many dead and too many living."

The people are lovable and confused, they are very natural and excitable, and the piety of the priest is very different from that to which we are accustomed. In Milan, in Genoa, in the cities, people have read with delight this happy story. It is reassuring to them to read that people are fundamentally good and to see virtue always triumphing amicably with a rather charming Machiavellian flourish.

SERGE HUGHES.

Long the Imperial Way. Hanama Tasaki. Houghton. $3.50.

JUST AS *All Quiet on the Western Front* was the first literary bridge between Germany and America during World War I," runs the publisher's blurb, "so *Long the Imperial Way* is the first between Japan and America since World War II." Maybe so, but it's a shaky bridge. With rare exceptions the characters are lifeless, and the action, laid in the pre-Pearl Harbor China campaigns, mechanical. The book was written in English, but the prose is so wooden one can almost detect the grain. So pronounced is this defect that one occasionally wonders if the author employed rigidity of style as a subtle way of communicating the strict formality of Japanese life. This explanation amounts to leaning over backwards, however, to give the author credit for a subtlety not indicated by the rest of the novel; even if this wooden quality is deliberate, the author has, I think, run a good thing right into the ground.

Since *Long the Imperial Way* is no great shakes as a novel, its chief appeal would seem to be to those ex-GIs who fought the Japanese in the Pacific and whose interest might be the curiosity of the surviving rabbit about the hunter or vice versa, depending upon the stage of the war during which they themselves met the enemy. Even aside from the Chinese locale such veterans are not likely to get much out of the novel on this score. Tasaki says he writes to straighten out his post-war jumbled emotions—"predominantly guilt-complex," he remarks. He belabors many national customs and institutions, sometimes effectively, but in the end the reader still does not have any genuine insight into the Japanese character. Those who are curious about Japanese traditions and how they grew would do better to seek out one of the good culture studies which have been done in the field. Unfortunately, if they wait long enough, they might conceivably save themselves even that trouble. The way things are going, Tokyo may yet be a full-fledged staging ground for war in the Pacific, and more of us than wish to may get a chance for a first-hand look at the mysteries of the Japanese character.

JAMES O'GARA.

The Spanish Gardener. A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. $3.00.

THIS is a story of possessive love, and the hate it fed upon, and the hate it engendered. It is also almost a modern Gothic melodrama, with Dr. Cronin using his Spanish locale effectively and employing an expressionistic method in handling darkness and childish fear to heighten the suspense.

Harrington Bronde is a proud man made insecure by his inability to make his wife love him and his lack of real success in any social endeavor. Hence he sets out to bind his son to him with chains of dependence and enforced love. The son, although he is physically weak, begins to throw off these bonds when he befriends a

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young Spanish boy hired by Bronde to take care of the garden. When Bronde notices this friendship, he is fired by his jealous obsession to break first the spirit and then the health of Pedro, the gardener. He is encouraged in this desire by an Iago-like villain who serves him as butler.

The climax is both exciting dramatically and plausable psychologically. Since it is a melodrama, complete with a murky Spanish mansion and a piratical fiend who brandishes knives, the fact that the villains (the boy's father, the evil quack psychiatrist, and the aforementioned butler) are suffering from various degrees of mental strain, is not a point of criticism but a fact that blends well into the malevolent shadows in the background.

JOAN RICE.

The Great Books: A Christian Appraisal. Vol. II. Edited by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. Devin-Adair. $2.75.

THE purpose of this second collection of essays on the great books is to help members of the great books discussion groups to understand better the texts with which they struggle. The essays point out the major themes with which the books are concerned and give the reader a kind of map to follow through the work. The eighteen articles in this volume, covering the selections read in the second year's program of the Great Books Foundation, are written by experts in various disciplines.

It seems to me that the essays fulfill their purpose: they do supply the topic sentence of each work, provide valuable background material about the author, and set the particular great book in the context of similar books. But there may be some doubt about using this collection as Father Gardiner advocates—that is, reading the essays systematically before opening the great book. I think his scheme is defensible and perhaps even advisable where the difficult philosophical writers such as Aristotle, Plato and Kant are concerned, but in the case of the literary and historical works—Homer, Sophocles, Herodotus, etc., such a procedure has disadvantages. For one thing, the element of surprise is gone from the book after plot and theme have been revealed by the essay. What a disservice to the prospective reader of *Oedipus Rex* to make him read someone else's description of the play before reading Sophocles himself! *Oedipus Rex* is a mystery story as thrilling as any Graham Greene "entertainment." This magnificent play is quite as readable in translation as any essay about it.

The same criticism holds, I think, for essays about Homer's *Odyssey,* the plays of Aeschylus, and the *History* of Herodotus. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* benefits more from an introductory essay, since of all literary forms satire is the most dependent upon an understanding of the social and political events of the times.

Another disadvantage, it seems to me, is that reading

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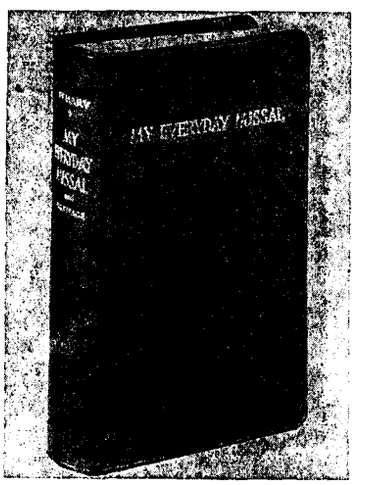

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JOHN T. KILBRIDGE.

The Spirituality of Saint Thérèse. André Combes. Kenedy. $2.50.

FROM its very beginning, the Church in the United States has been indebted to the clergy of France. M. l'Abbé André Combes of the Institut Catholique de Paris has increased that debt by this remarkable study of the spiritual life of the young Carmelite, Thérèse of Lisieux. His approach is that of a scholar, a theologian. He presupposes the reader's familiarity with Thérèse's own writings and the important biographies of her, and turns his attention to describing her "use of her limitations in such a way as to reach the heights of sanctity."

He believes her to have been motivated by an extraordinary desire to please God, a purity of intention unusual even in a saint, and endowed with tremendous will power and with a sense of order which begot a definite plan for attaining heaven. Better than any other writer, perhaps, he sees her soul as she saw it, a child's soul not because she had been converted and become a child, but because she had never lost her baptismal innocence, had remained in a state of sanctifying grace. He recalls the fact that the words "spiritual childhood" are not found in her own writings, but in *Novissima Verba,* reported conversations with her.

To mention these conclusions is but to touch on certain features of a profound and sympathetic analysis, for there is none of Thérèse's trials—her excessive aridity, her drowsiness at prayer, her hideous temptations against faith and hope—left unplumbed by the author. Nor does he neglect any of her primary gifts, her idea of love and of herself as a holocaust to God's love, her devotion to the Holy Eucharist, her conception of the apostolate. On laying the book aside, one feels that one has seen through a microscope the painful and peaceful making of a saint. Pain, there certainly was, but in God's will was Thérèse's peace. D. H. MOSELEY.

•REVIEWERS•

HARRY W. FLANNERY, former Berlin correspondent for CBS, is active in television-news in California.

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D. H. MOSELEY contributes to the *Dublin Review* and other periodicals.

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